

TOM JONES, COWBOY

By C. B. LEWIS

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Tom Jones was a real Montana cowboy, the genuine stuff. By that is meant that he was no consumptive son who had been sent out from Boston to try the western ozone, nor was he a student of Yale or Harvard who was picking up \$30 a month to help him squander through college. He was born to the business, knew all the ins and outs, and no one could beat him at turning a stampeding herd or throwing the lasso. It was said on all sides that there was only one thing out of kilter with Tom Jones—he had aspirations. If he had aspired to keep three guns shooting at once or to hold four aces in every other hand of poker, he might have had the sympathy of his fellow workers, but his aspirations took a different line.

Tom Jones had read no less than six different accounts of eastern heiresses coming out west on a visit and falling in love with and marrying cowboys. Cowboys had saved them from robbers, Indians, stampedes and prairie fires, and their natural gratitude had resulted in love and marriage. What had happened once might happen again. Tom's aspirations, then, ran to heiresses. He was expecting one along any day in the week and was always prepared to carry out his part of the contract.

Even an heiress may come to him who waits, and in due time, when her engagements permitted, Miss Griscomb, from New York, paid a visit to relatives at Taylor's ranch. Tom had heard of her beauty and what a pile of money her old dad had in the bank within twenty-four hours after her arrival. It was now up to him to bring in the heiress and start things going. He got out his Sunday togs and greased his hair as a beginning.

Nor was the labor thrown away. He had hardly set forth on a hunt for



POOR TOM HAD TO GRAB THE TAIL OF THE GIRL'S HORSE.

stray steers when far across the plains he saw the object of his aspirations. The broncho on whose back she was seated had stopped to indulge in the wild west business of bucking andumping, and Tom imagined that he could hear terror-stricken shouts from the rider. It was all imagination, however. When he had reached her side after a furious burst of speed and begged the privilege of saving her life, she quietly replied:

"Please don't interfere. I rather enjoy the change."

Tom Jones was nonplused, but he waited. In the course of two or three days Dutch Pete broke loose on one of his quarterly jamborees. Dutch Pete kept the dergery at Dead Man's Corners, and when he started out to clean up the state he kept his two guns red hot. Tom figured that it would be on the hills for Pete to hear Miss Griscomb away into the mountains, and he hovered along the Fort Wingate road as her protecting angel. His figures turned out to be way off. Miss Griscomb and Dutch Pete met one morning at the crossing of Lame Wolf creek, and when the cowboy came up the terror had his hands raised, and the girl had a gun on line with his eye. She thanked Mr. Jones very kindly for the interest he exhibited, but she really couldn't think of putting him to any particular trouble.

Then Tom Jones prayed for a cloudburst. Lame Wolf creek had its rise up in the mountains. At 9 o'clock of a summer morning it might be a mere rivulet crossing the stage road. An hour later a flood wave six feet high might be booming down as the result of a cloudburst up among the peaks. The burst came as prayed for. Miss Griscomb was on the west side of the creek when caught by the flood, and all escape seemed cut off when the cowboy came tearing around Bull bend to rescue her. Three minutes later the girl was rescuing him. His broncho got tangled up with a mass of driftwood and was drowned, and poor Tom had to grab the tail of the girl's horse and take a tow to the bank.

"You had better go home and change your clothes, and I hope you will be more careful in future," was all the thanks he got as the heiress rode away and left him to hang himself up to dry.

Tom Jones felt that he had made a failure of it thus far, but he hoped for a stampede to change things. In one of the stories he had read a cowboy

had saved an heiress from a stampede and won her undying love in ten minutes. There were 5,000 steers covering the plain between Taylor's ranch and Lame Wolf creek. If they would only get a move on them at the right time, he would be there to do the hero's part. The steers were cheerfully willing. One morning soon after the heiress had passed down the road they lowered their heads, threw up their tails and stampeded. The move was not expected by the cowboy, but by great good luck he was on hand to mix in. It seems the easiest thing in the world for a hero to cut across the front of a stampeding herd of steers and snatch an heiress from her saddle and bear her away to safety and win her eternal gratitude, but Tom Jones didn't find it so in practice. As a matter of fact, he was rolled in the dust and walked on in a shameful manner, while the heiress saved herself, and when the herd had passed she helped him to find the remains of his hat and advised him to go home and keep quiet for a few days to avoid nervous fever.

There was only one more hope for the cowboy hero. If he could rescue Miss Griscomb from a prairie fire, all might yet be well. A drunken Indian brought things about as he wished. It wasn't an overgrown spectacular display as far as flames went, but there was a heap of smoke and a grand opportunity for yelling, and in due time Tom Jones started in on his work of rescue. While he was dashing through the billows of smoke and frantically calling upon the heiress to be saved she had already saved herself, and it cut him to the quick to have her remark as he finally rode up to her that she didn't like the smell of stoged hair. The cowboy had played his last card, and, weary and hopeless, he sought out the Diogenes of the flock and stated his case.

"My son," said the old man when he had heard the story, "did you ever hear the saying of 'up to date?'"

"Of course. I'm there myself."

"And there lies the cause of your failure. Miss Griscomb is more up to date as a girl than you are as a man. You had better stop making a fool of yourself and hustle those steers around."

MASTER OF THE VESSEL.

A Story of Farragut in Command When but Twelve Years of Age.

The story of a boy of twelve years acting as commander of a ship seems rather wonderful, yet Farragut was but twelve years and four days old when he was put in command of the Barclay, a prize ship taken by Captain Porter. In consideration of his tender years, says the author of "Twenty-six Historic Ships," the former English master of the vessel was sent in her for the possible benefit the young prize master might find in his advice. Farragut tells the story of the queer division of authority in his journal as follows:

"I considered that the day of trial had arrived, for I was a little afraid of the old fellow, as every one else was. But the time had come for me at least to play the man. So I mustered up courage and informed the captain that I desired the main topsail filled away in order that we might close up with the Essex Junior. He replied that he would shoot any man who dared to touch a rope without his orders. He would go his own course and had no idea of trusting himself with a blasted nutshell," and then he went below for his pistols.

"I called my right hand man of the crew and told him of my situation. I also informed him that I wanted the main topsail filled. He answered with a clear 'Aye, aye, sir,' in a manner that was not to be misunderstood, and my confidence was perfectly restored.

"From that moment I became master of the vessel and immediately gave all necessary orders for making sail, notifying the captain not to come on with his pistols unless he wished to go overboard, for I really would have had very little trouble in having such an order obeyed."

WHY CUBS ARE KILLED.

Prison Life Often Robs Animals of Maternal Spirit.

Among the huge cages of the carnivorous animals—the lithe tigers, the treacherous and soft footed leopard and frequently even the generous lioness herself—the life of a baby wild animal becomes sometimes a tale of bloodshed and tragedy. Nagged and galled by prison bars, by narrow confines that make exercise impossible and by the excitement of throngs of sightseers, these naturally nervous and high strung brutes become overwrought to a pitch where they satisfy an unnatural cannibal appetite on their own flesh and blood.

Like little bundles of sunshine the kittens of these ferocious brutes appear, mewling plaintively with tight shut eyes and groping in the darkness. Thousands of them have been born behind the bars of menagerie cages—no fault lies with the stork himself—but most frequently the irresponsible, crazy mothers pounce upon and devour them or else injure them beyond hope of recovery. When the watchfulness and a pitchfork of a keeper succeed in rescuing one of these kittens, it is given in charge of some big mother dog, which adopts the stranger and rears him.

Now and then, however, some strong, healthy, intelligent member of this ferocious family ceases to worry and fret at captivity, and, the maternal instinct cropping to the fore, the care of a litter of cubs becomes a welcome relief from the stern monotony of prison life.—A. W. Rolker in McClure's.

Like a Woman.
"If you'll notice," said Finnick, "the poets invariably say 'she' when referring to the earth. Why should the earth be considered feminine?"
"Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."—Philadelphia Ledger.

My more having would be a source
To make me hunger more.

—Shakespeare, Macbeth, iv. 3.

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Is the Sign
They are Fresh

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DANGER IN SODA SIPHONS.

They May Explode and Cause Injury to Those Who May Be Near.

Do you know that the siphon bottle ordinarily used for vichy, soda water and other effervescent drinks is usually charged with a pressure of from 120 to 160 pounds to the square inch? The danger likely to result from an explosion of one of these little household articles is by no means inconsiderable, and yet the average person handles a siphon as though it were the most harmless thing in the world.

There are two or three things to remember in handling siphons: Never keep your siphons near the range, for the unusual heat is more likely than anything else to cause an explosion. Don't subject the bottle to any sudden change of temperature whatever. For instance, if you keep your siphons in the ice box—and that is the best and safest place for them—don't grasp the glass part of the bottle with your warm hand, for the sudden change of temperature is apt to cause an explosion. The best way to carry a siphon at all times is by the metal top at the head of the bottle. It is needless to say the greatest care should be taken not to drop a siphon, for an explosion is the inevitable result. When empty, the siphon is, of course, quite harmless.

That these bottles are considered a great source of danger is evidenced by the fact that the courts inevitably hold the bottlers strictly liable for all damages resulting from the explosion of one of them if even the slightest defect in the manufacture of the bottle can be shown.—Washington Times.

Canine Intelligence.

A striking instance of canine intelligence is reported from Paris. A male schoolteacher named Dillaz was waylaid one evening near Charenton bridge by two roughts, who set upon him and, after rifling his pockets, flung him into the Seine. A collie dog that happened to be near, without being encouraged to do so by any person—indeed there were none who saw the circumstance—at once plunged into the water and, catching the man by the coat, aided him to keep afloat until the river police, attracted by his cries, arrived to his assistance. M. Dillaz was subsequently able to furnish the police with a description which led to the arrest of his assailants.

Delightful Prospect.

"Do you," said the learned counsel, "swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and"—
"Oh, how lovely!" the fair witness interrupted. "Shall I really be allowed to talk all the afternoon if I want to?"—Tit-Bits.

Sneezing in the Orient.

Many savage and semicivilized races of the orient have some curious customs regarding the sneeze. When the sultan of Monotopia sneezes, for instance, the fact is made known from the palace by a certain signal. Instantly every subject within hearing of the signal sets up a shout, the cry is taken up by others and so extends until it runs through the confines of his empire. When the sultan of Senaar sneezes, on the contrary, every woman in his harem or within hearing turns her back on him and makes a sign of contempt by smiting her hips with her hands—disgusted that so mighty a personage should have to sneeze like an ordinary mortal.

Disraeli and Lord Bury.

When Lord Bury, afterward Earl of Albemarle, joined the church of Rome, he went to Disraeli to confess.

He began by saying that a difficulty had arisen, quite unconnected with politics, and that he was afraid it meant party embarrassment and that he therefore placed his resignation in his leader's hands.

Lord Beaconsfield (laconically)—A lady?

"Well, if you like—the scarlet lady. I have become a Catholic."

Lord Beaconsfield—But how very convenient! A relative of mine has just taken the same step, and now you can tell me, what was terribly puzzling me, the appropriate thing to say in congratulation.—Maynell's Biography of Beaconsfield.

Cakes as Love Letters.

The Hungarian gypsies use cakes as love letters. A coin is baked into the sweetmeat, which is then thrown at the lady as she passes by. If she eats the cake and retains the coin all is well, but if she should fling back the silver it would be fatal to the lover's hopes. Among the savages of the Arabian desert the girl is approached without ceremony while pasturing her flocks. She resists strenuously, attacking her suitor with sticks and stones. If he succeeds in driving her into her father's tent she is his, but if she should resist him lifelong disgrace would be his portion.

Curb the Temper.

The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men and women who are all but perfect but for an easily ruffled, quick tempered or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics.

A Guess at It.

Teacher (of class in grammar)—What do you understand by "parts of speech?"
Tommy—It's—it's when a man stutters.—Chicago Tribune.

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